



THE
CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;
Or, Miscellany of
RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 2.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1844.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Tracts for the People.

"Salus populi suprema lex esto;"
(that is,)

"Let the SALVATION of the people be our highest principle."

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

Good reader! whoever you may be that takes up this first number of our Tracts, I greet you with all my heart, and in all kindness! Nay, more; I welcome, and salute you in God's holy name, and in the love of our Lord Jesus Christ! From this moment forward we are friends, and we must keep friends. For my part, I do not intend that we should quarrel; for, my study will be ever to help you, and to lead you to good, and to render you service; and at the same time to please you. But mind, I do not intend to do this by flattery, nor by idle gossip, nor by foolish stories, nor by always saying what will be most agreeable to vanity. But I intend to do my utmost to please you by honest truth, by useful information, by virtuous thoughts, by friendly correction, by christian, holy conversation with you. Almost every week, through its Tract, I will speak to you, as one who loves you, and will strive to tell you something that you ought to know; or remind you of something that ought not to be forgotten; or put you a-thinking on what deserves to be much considered; or describe something that you have no opportunity of seeing. Sometimes I will talk to you about old people and old places, long since gone, or about persons and places a long way off, or about things nearer you and not well understood, or wrongly understood. We will travel much together, and see and hear much that will interest you. But we will not confine ourselves to this earth; we will look even into another world; and learn much concerning it.

And now, by way of showing you where our travelling in this way, that is, in our thoughts, will lead us to, I will tell you a story, or, if you please, a parable.

Not quite 1800 years ago, when the first emperor of the Romans, Augustus, reigned, there

lived a man who was very rich, and at the same time very clever and learned. He was naturally inclined to be virtuous; but scarcely knew how to be so, for there was little virtue to be learnt in those times. When he came into possession of his fortune, he resolved to employ it in acquiring happiness, cost what it might. Now all through his life he had heard every one say how good a thing riches were, and how happy were those who had them, because they could procure with them all sorts of pleasures and enjoyments. So, as he was very rich, he determined to make himself happy in this manner: and for this purpose travelled to the great city of Rome. There he saw splendid palaces, and rich noblemen, and every thing that was grand and beautiful. He saw how the rich and great seemed always gay and smiling, and how they were courted and praised by all men. "These indeed," he said to himself, "seem really happy; I will live like them, and be happy too." As he had brought all his great wealth with him, he soon set to work; took a fine house, hired plenty of servants, gave splendid feasts, and soon had many friends. For a time he enjoyed this very much; and as he knew nothing of another life, being a pagan, he thought himself very happy. But he soon began to be tired. Day after day, it was the same thing, pleasure, pleasure, pleasure! It was like eating nothing but honey; he got sick of it, and wanted something more substantial. He saw that riches were nothing without honours; and that noblemen, though not half so rich as himself, looked down upon him: on finding this, he grew ambitious, and determined to gain a high post at court. For this purpose, he squandered much of his money in bribing powerful men there, and lost much time in waiting on them. He succeeded at last; and got into great honour. But now every body became his enemy. All his rivals spoke ill of him; some ridiculed him, some abused him; he found he pleased nobody. In the mean time too, his fortune was going fast, and he was obliged to retrench his expenses. He became most miserable; he had no sleep at night, in thinking over the troubles and the

cares of the day. However, he had a few faithful friends, as he thought, who never deserted him. They came every day to see him, and to partake of his good cheer. But one day, after he had entertained them with more frugal fare than before, for he was becoming every day poorer, they took as usual, a very affectionate leave of him; but as they were going out, he overheard one of them say to his companions, "This fool has very nearly got through his money: we must look out for some other silly bird to pluck." Oh! how did his heart beat when he heard these words! how was his soul stung to the quick! There he was, poor, disgraced, despised, made a fool of by those whom he had loved! All that night he walked up and down, striking his breast and forehead, and crying out, "Yes, fool indeed; he called me right! Fool that I have been, to seek or expect happiness in the empty pleasures which riches can purchase, or honours bestow! How have I thrown away the most precious years of my life in pursuing it! Indeed they have been years of disappointment, of bitterness, and of misery. But now my eyes are open, and I see the vanity of these things. Thank heaven, my kind friends have not yet so plucked me but that I can fly. Now I see that happiness can only be found in the pursuit of wisdom and learning. To-morrow, I will start for Greece, a country so famous for these. They do not require great riches; and what remains of my fortune will be abundance for me."

Next day he set off, and soon arrived at Athens, the great seat of heathen learning, where a great many men, who called themselves philosophers, lectured every day on virtue and morality, to great crowds of followers. He began to study most diligently, and living a quiet and peaceful life, seemed now indeed likely to be truly happy. And so bent was he upon learning all that he could, that he resolved not to content himself with going to hear one master, but to go first to one and then to another. But he soon got quite lost. Whatever one said he found contradicted by another; what this one maintained to be true, another declared to be false; what he heard recommended to-day as good and virtuous, to-morrow he would hear condemned as evil and wicked. He did not know what to believe or what to think about any thing. Both sides could not be true, both could not be wisdom. He saw too that these wise men were full of envy and jealousy one against another, and hated one another. Surely there was no happiness to be found in all this!

Wherefore, he determined to stick to one teacher, and follow his opinions, that so he might

escape the trouble of judging for himself. So out of them all, he chose one who seemed to be wiser and more virtuous than the rest. He was a fine old man, with a long beard and grey hair, and a very venerable countenance. He went to hear him every day, and soon became a great favourite with him, for his diligence and regularity. And our young man loved his master warmly, and respected him very much. One day, in particular, he was delighted with the lecture which he heard. It was on the duty of conquering the appetites and passions, showing how in this true happiness consists. The old man was so eloquent and so earnest, that he quite convinced his pupil. "Now, indeed," he said, "I have discovered happiness. I will go this evening to my good master, and learn from him how I am to set about subduing my appetites and passions." And so he did. He went after dark to his master's house, and finding the door open, and being always welcome, he went in at once. Alas! what a sight did he behold! A table covered with most dainty fare, and plenty of choice wine, with a jolly party round it; and the grave master, heated with drink, in a great rage, beating cruelly a slave who had displeased him! He went no farther, but turned back with a heavy heart, saying to himself, "So this is your philosophy, all teaching and no practising, all fine words and no deeds! No more of this for me. Farewell to all such false wisdom. I am sick of hunting after happiness among men. I will go and live among wild beasts. Yes, I will pass the rest of my life in solitude. I have nothing else left."

So now, being very poor, he embarked at once in a vessel bound for Asia, and soon landed there. He determined to go into the desert, there to pass the remainder of his days; and he travelled into the country, to get to it. After he had walked for several days, he found himself one evening very tired and faint, in the neighbourhood of a little town called Nazareth. He had not courage to go in, for he had no money left; and so he sat down upon a broken rock, and, in the sorrow of his heart, covering his face with his hands, he wept bitterly. Oh, how miserable he thought himself! How far from all happiness! from that happiness which he had tried so hard to gain!

But what is this that he hears? A song so sweet, so heavenly! It comes like balm upon his wounded heart; like a refreshing breeze to his worn frame. Where does it come from? Are angels singing it? for it seems too beautiful to be of this earth. He starts up and listens more attentively. He can distinguish three voices, and he perceives that they come from a little cottage

hard by. He cannot resist going nearer, and so he creeps closer; and at every step the sweetness of the music increases. Yet he must stop a moment to look at the poor cottage from which it comes. Poor, indeed, it is, and humble; but so neat, and clean, and orderly, and showing such signs of care and diligence. The evening is clear; and the last beam from the west falls softly on its white walls, and just shows its dark and lowly thatched roof. But brighter and whiter far are the lilies in the little garden, as though hands purer than themselves had reared them; and darker clusters round the door the sorrowful passion-flower, as if together to tell the history, from beginning to end, of the family that dwells there. But the stranger did not understand these things.

Now he draws still nearer to the house, and ventures to look in through the latticed window, and see who are they that sing so delightfully. The lamp is lit within, and he can see without being noticed. They are kneeling in prayer, and one would think that their thoughts and hearts are more in heaven than upon earth. First, there is an old man, most venerable in appearance, and yet most cheerful and mild; hardy and rugged, as if he had to work for his bread, but still gentle, and of good mien, as if descended from a noble race. His right hand is upon his breast, and his beaming face is turned up towards heaven, and his eyes glisten with devotion. Then there is a young maiden kneeling near him; meekness more than human dwells in her features, purity more than angelic harbours in her eyes. He has never seen a countenance like this among the gay assemblies of Rome; he thinks it must be a being from another world. And between them is her son—yes, it must be her son, that holds a hand of each—the same noble brow, the same soft eyes, the same golden hair, the same sweet smile; only there is something in his look that seems to show a still higher order of being—something divine. And there seems reverence mingled in their looks of love towards him, quite unusual in a mother towards her child.

Their hymn is ended; and the stranger thought he felt the place shake with its last note, and that he saw a bright beam of light dart through the house. But he thought it might be only imagination, from his faintness and weariness. So he knocks gently at the door, which soon opens; and he has scarcely time to tell of his distress, for at once he is made welcome, with most cheerful smiles and kind words from all; and he has some homely fare set before him, and is refreshed. Nor will they hear of his leaving them that night, but insist upon his resting himself well. But, in truth, he no longer feels tired; on the contrary,

he is become quite cheerful, and begins to tell his history. How they smile, and look at one another, when he relates how he had imagined that happiness was to be found in riches, pleasures, and honours. Surprised at this, he exclaimed, "What have *you* likewise once possessed these things, and been disappointed in them?"

"No," replied the old man, "we have always been poor."

"And have you always been happy?"

"Yes, thank God, always, even when the world thought us most miserable."

"Then you despise riches?"

"God forbid that we should despise any thing. We do not despise other men's riches, but we love our own poverty."

"Love poverty! I never heard such an idea before. Why do you, or how can you, love what every one seems to hate and fear?"

"Because God, who we know loves us, has made it our lot. Is it possible not to love, what he who tenderly loves us, knows is best for us?"

"And so you are happy in being poor, because it is God's will that you should be poor?"

"Certainly."

"Now then at last I have found real happiness, without the riches of Rome, or the wisdom of Greece. Contentment, wherever God has placed us, is its true principle. You have spoken more wisdom to me this evening in few words, than babbling philosophers ever gave me in their long and fine speeches. From whom did you learn it?"

The old man and the young maiden looked towards the child; and he blushed, and hid his face in his mother's bosom.

All that night the stranger did not sleep, but thought of what he had seen and heard. He determined not to go farther, but to stay near this happy family, and learn from them how he too might be so. Next morning he told them his wishes, and they soon set about helping him to fulfil them. He built himself a cottage as much like theirs as possible, and worked as he saw them work, and listened to all that they said, and never more knew what it was to be unhappy. He soon saw that the HOLY FAMILY must be a happy family.

So far my tale. Do you not understand how I wish to apply it to you? Most of you who read this are poor, some of you live in poor cottages. Do you want to be happy, without being rich, or learned, or noble, or great? This I want to teach you, and I will tell you how. We will go and visit the cottage which I have described, in which our Blessed Saviour, with His dear mother, and the holy carpenter, St. Joseph, dwelt. We will try to learn under its roof, what we ought to be-

lieve and think, and what we ought to do and what to avoid. If you can copy the example there given you, and believe all that is there taught you, you will be happy indeed. And if I can help you to make your lives resemble that of our Redeemer, in His poverty, I shall surely have kept my promise given you at the beginning of this tract. Only continue to read them regularly, as they come out, and you will see, with God's blessing, that they keep this always in view.

So for the present, farewell; and may God bless you! Pray to Him to send His divine blessing upon our undertaking, that it may prosper, and be to His greater glory, and to your profit. Again, God bless you. M.

THE WHITE QUAKERS.

Our readers have no doubt heard of the White Quakers of Ireland. They are the most singular and eccentric little sect of this generation. They are called White Quakers because they dress in white, abjuring all coloured garments, and refusing even to patronise the blacking manufacturers by the use of blackened shoe-leather. Their leader is Joshua Jacob, who is at present in Four-Courts Marshalsea prison, Dublin, on some pecuniary suit; and his helpmate is Abigail Beale, who lives with him as his wife, their principles abjuring the formalities of marriage as a mere human invention, like dyed handkerchiefs, shawls, ribbons, and other abominations, the works of men's hands, and the ingenious devices of the enemy of souls. The party that communes with this couple, who we are informed are a middle-aged and respectable-looking pair, are about thirty or forty at the utmost. They live in common as one family, having a very large and splendid house in Dublin, formerly an hotel, and now rented by them, and denominated "the Building of the People of God dwelling in the community of God, having all things in common, who are on the borders of the river Jordan, on their way to Canaan, waiting on the morning star to guide them to the eternal inheritance." This remarkable they have attached to a large ground-floor plan of their building, published by Saunders and Holmes, Long-acre, London; a plan which somewhat astonished us when we first saw it, as we had no idea that the White Quakers were so splendidly domiciled in the Irish capital. The front of the house measures 67 feet in length; one side of the building is 342 in length. We are told that it contains upwards of 200 apartments. It has seven round massive pillars in front, of what order of architecture we cannot ascertain from the ground-plan before us. Some time ago they were busily engaged tearing down the coloured papers, painted wood, and other abominations from the walls, for the purification of the sanctuary, so that now the interior of this immense building must exhibit a very comical appearance to all but a White Quaker. Their furniture is plain deal board, or other wood, in its pure natural state as God made it—uncorrupted by the arts of man, barring the shape, which they fashion according to their own imagination into the likeness of chair, stool, table, and bedstead, and other human contrivances for creature comfort. Though several of them are, or were, rich individually, they have made common stock of all their wealth, so that Joshua Jacob, when he was put in prison, hesitated not to make affidavit that he was not worth one penny. In such circumstances we are apt to feel surprise that the number of the White Quakers is so very small; but, like the Black Quakers, they are particularly cautious in admitting converts, and put them off, or reject them altogether, by saying they are not prepared. By this means they keep themselves from being eaten up.

The grand fundamental principle of White Quakerism seems to be confusion or disorder. They abhor all governments, magistrates, lawyers, and men dressed in wigs, whom the world calls counsellors and judges; they despise all priests, clergymen, ministers with gowns, cassocks, surplices, or bands; they hate all organs, flutes, fiddles, gamuts, and music of every description; they abominate dancing, as devilish and heathenish, Jewish and anti-Christian. They hate all clocks, watches, sun-dials, and time-pieces or chronometers, for measuring time, declaring it sinful and human, and dishonourable to God, to

measure it at all. They sicken at the sight of coloured garments; and some of the women record in their periodical, called *The Progress of the Truth as it is in Jesus*, that they sometimes dream that they have been persuaded to put on a coloured gown or shawl, but they feel such a heaviness of heart, that it is, indeed, a blessed and a glorious deliverance to awake, and to know that it is only a dream. They are led entirely by what they call the Spirit, which, certainly, plays most fantastic tricks with them, being perfectly independent of all rule and government. Though Joshua Jacob is professedly the leader and head of the party, he exercises no perceptible authority, and there is no appearance of any regular system of government amongst them. Their communion seems to consist, chiefly, in their common abhorrence of all human inventions, especially coloured ones. Joshua Jacob, when he was at liberty, must have carried a pair of scissors in his pocket on purpose to work mischief amongst the coloured vanities, for, one day, when visiting a Black Quaker, he was observed to be very heavy and downcast in spirit—not a word would come from him. He looked pensive and labouring with some great design; at last he put his hand in his pocket, took out a pair of scissors, and walked up to the bell-ropes, which had elegant crimson-coloured silk tassels attached to them. These he deliberately cut off and threw into the fire; and so soon as he had performed this meritorious act, his tongue was loosed, and he poured forth fluently the words of rebuke and admonition on the lusts of the eye and the pride of life. His authority for this act of discipline he found within himself, in the operation of the Spirit, as he calls it. No wonder that he has found lodgings at last in a public prison. A world of magistrates and police-officers is not worthy that such a man should walk at large in it.

The White Quakers get into a scrape wherever they go, for they are always testifying. One day, ten of them accompanied Joshua, when he told them he was bound in spirit to go into a steeple-house, as they call a church. They were civilly shown to a pew, but the men not taking off their white hats, the beadle came and took them off for them. This was the first insult they received. Then the spirit moved Joshua to speak, and he screamed out in the midst of the service—"You deny God, Christ, and the Scriptures; therefore, repent, that your sins may be blotted out!" Whereupon he was hauled out of the pew, and pushed into the hall without his hat, where his mouth being still open, and his words loose, he poured forth fluently, until he was handed over to two policemen, who soon suffered them all "to retire in quietness," says Joshua, "under a sense of the Lord's goodness and manifold mercies to the children of men."—*Herald*.

SAINT PHILIP NERI AND A YOUTH.

Saint Philip Neri, as old Readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day,
And being ever courteously inclin'd
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus:
The dialogue they held comes down to us:
Saint.—Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome.
Youth.—To make myself a scholar, Sir, I come.
Saint.—And when you are one, what do you intend?
Youth.—To be a Priest, I hope, Sir, in the end.
Saint.—Suppose it so—what have you next in view?
Youth.—That I may get to be a Canon too.
Saint.—Well, and how then?
Youth.—Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a Bishop.
Saint.—Be it so—
What then?
Youth.—Why, Cardinal's a high degree,
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
Saint.—Suppose it was, what then?
Youth.—Why, who can say,
But I've a chance of being Pope one day.
Saint.—Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
Youth.—Nay, there is nothing farther, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure;
When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high
As long as God shall please, then—I MUST DIE!
Saint.—What! must you die, fond youth, and at the best,
But wish, and hope, and may be all the rest?
Take my advice—Whatever may betide,
For that which must be first of all provide;
Then think of that which may be—and, indeed,
When well prepar'd, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,
Priest, Canon, Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope?

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge*.

LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

LETTER II.

Belgium, ——— 1842.

DESCRIPTION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC DAY.

IN the morning as soon as it begins to be light the church bell is rung, to remind the people to offer a prayer in honour of the Incarnation. You would not understand in what the first part of this prayer consists, unless I explained many things, which I hope hereafter to do. The last part is that beautiful collect in your prayer-book, for the Annunciation—"Graft, we beseech thee, O Lord, in our hearts," &c. Every body who is awake (and the bell generally awakes us) says this prayer, being directed to each part by three strokes of the bell. Thus we all pray together, honouring God for having given us his Son, to be born of a pure Virgin, and to take our nature upon Him. The first prayer we are taught to utter when we begin to rise, is a short address to the Holy Trinity, as "Glory be to God the Father," &c. very fervently and thoughtfully. Then we make an offering of ourselves to God for the day in our own words, something in this way: "O my God, I offer myself up unto Thee this day, with every thing that I am and have. I offer unto Thee my thoughts, my words, my works, my feelings. Sanctify me wholly, and make me a living sacrifice, acceptable in thy sight." Then the Lord's Prayer, and Ave Maria, which I will tell you about soon; then the Belief, a Confession of sins, and four short prayers called Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition. I will not tell you yet of several things which Roman Catholics also do, such as making the sign of the cross with holy-water, &c. because I must first explain these things, in order to show you how much such external signs assist our devotions. Now you would not think it could be so.

At every meal, and even before the slightest refreshment, God's blessing is invoked; and a thanksgiving offered after it is taken. This is most scrupulously observed. I used to think it very pretty at first, if I gave a little child an apple or a cup of coffee at the door, before tasting either it joined its little hands and whispered a short prayer, and then kissing the tips of its fingers in compliment to me, stretched out its hand to receive it. As far as may be, persons keep their minds undisturbed till church begins, as the morning service is our most solemn worship, and we wish to assist at it with the deepest devotion. I will explain it at length very soon. It is too sacred to be hurried past now. This over, those who have leisure sufficient remain in the church for private devotion; the clergyman is obliged by the church to remain, he may not hurry out of church immediately, he must remain to pray. On returning home, before beginning any work, a Roman Catholic offers that work to God to be blessed and sanctified. And every time he changes his employment he offers the fresh occupation to God. Every time the clock strikes he offers the new hour to God. Even while the clergyman is preaching, I observe this is done: every head is bowed for a few seconds in ejaculatory prayer. All this is most quietly and simply done, seeming as if

it had grown up with them, and that it would be very strange to them not to do it: they have so many other pious customs, that I should tire you with telling them. Indeed, I do not think I know them half yet; I am always learning something new of these dear holy people. Well, at noon the church bell rings again: this is to call us to a few minutes' examination of conscience, as to how we have passed the morning, and to make fresh resolutions for the rest of the day yet to come; then it strikes the three times for the Incarnation prayer, in which we offer up Christ as the Man God. At three o'clock, especially on Fridays, most persons offer a Lord's Prayer or a Litany for a happy death, in memory of Christ's precious death at that hour. At four or five o'clock in all towns there is a benediction service, but every day in the country we have this beautiful little service only occasionally. It is performed sooner or later according to the season, always after working hours, in order that servants and farm people may have time to attend. It is very short, but persons of leisure frequently go an hour before it begins for private devotion. And in the summer the poor people come in numbers to pray in the church-yard. When they cannot do this, they never omit praying at home. I find there is no prayer more punctually performed than the family evening prayer. The father of the family acts as priest, and the devotion is never shorter than half an hour, generally it lasts three quarters; and if any member of the family is fatigued and wishes to go to bed before the family is assembled, he or she kneels down in the common room, and spends as much time as this in devotion. Each child says its prayers at its mother's knee before going to bed, till they are old enough to be trusted to pray alone. A mother's evening is pretty well taken up with such holy duties. I went in at five o'clock one summer afternoon to our farm, and found the little ones already saying their prayers—"You are going to bed early," I said.—"No, ma'am," the mother replied; "but I begin early when I can, for it takes a good time to get through six of them, and I am always afraid lest any thing may happen to hinder me, if I put it off too long." The church bell rings again late in the evening to call to examination of conscience, and again to offer to God the Incarnation of Christ, and ourselves to his protecting care for the night, together with our fellow-parishioners, the pastor, the sick, and especially the dying if there be any.

You must not suppose that every body does every thing just as I have described it. Many things interrupt these stated devotions, but every one performs them more or less; and those who cannot pass every day in a regularly devout manner, have numerous opportunities of keeping a devout spirit alive within them at the great festivals and other holy days, appointed by the church, when the fervour of devotion which is excited rests in the mind, and renders prayer an easy daily exercise.—(*To be continued.*)

English Freedom, English Law, and English Honesty.—It may be mentioned as a striking proof of the actual state of Great Britain, that there is as much prison-room in England as in all the rest of Europe besides, including the spacious and all-dreaded edifices of the Inquisition.

"THE CHURCH, THE CHURCH."

HERE 's to the Cause! to that good Cause
For which we 'll struggle constantly;
And to the few, the good and true,
Who battle for it trustfully;
And may it prosper more and more,
And win and thrive perpetually!

Here 's to the Cause! the good old Cause
The brave have died for fearlessly:
Whose blood is mightier than a host
To fight for it resistlessly:
Whose spirits hover o'er us now
To guide and guard it conqueringly!

Here 's to the Cause! the holy Cause
For which we 'll suffer joyfully:
And little reck the scorners' jeer,
His taunt and gibe, and calumny:
And count loss gain, and labour rest,
So it may thrive continually!

Here 's to the Cause! the Church's Cause!
We 'll battle for her ceaselessly!
And, when we fall, may others rise
To love her as devotedly,
Until she wake, and burst her chains,
And triumph everlastingly!

*From Hierologus, or the Church Tourists, by the Rev. J. M. Neale.
(Church of England.)*

THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

Temperance.—"I asked the man about the temperance, and whether he was a temperance man! He replied by pulling a medal out of his waistcoat pocket, saying, that he always carried it about with him for fear of temptation. He said that he took the pledge two years ago, before which time, as he confessed, he had been a sad sinner in the way of drink. 'I used to take,' said he, 'from eighteen to twenty glasses of whisky a-day; I was always at the drink. I'd be often up all night at the public-house. I was turned away by my present master on account of it.' All of a sudden he resolved to break off. I asked him whether he had not at first experienced ill-health from the suddenness of the change in his habits; but he said—and let all persons meditating a conversion from liquor remember the fact—that the abstinence never affected him in the least, but that he went on growing better and better in health every day, stronger and more able in mind and body."

Consequences of Frightening Children.—A school-mistress, for some trifling offence, most foolishly put a child into a dark cellar for an hour. The child was greatly terrified, and cried bitterly. Upon returning to her parents in the evening she burst into tears, and begged that she might not be put into the cellar. The parents thought this extremely odd, and assured her that there was no danger of their being guilty of so great an act of cruelty; but it was difficult to pacify her, and when put to bed she passed a restless night. On the following day she had fever, during which she frequently exclaimed, "Do not put me into the cellar!" The fourth day after she was taken to Sir Astley Cooper in a high state of fever, with delirium, frequently muttering, "Pray don't put me into the cellar." When Sir Astley inquired the reason, he found that the parents had learnt the punishment to which she had been subjected. He ordered what was likely to relieve her; but she died in a week after this unfeeling conduct.—Another case from the same authority may here be cited. It is the case of a child, ten years of age, who wanted to write her exercise, and to scrape her slate pencil went into the school in the dark to fetch her knife, when one of her school-fellows burst from behind the door to frighten her; she was much terrified, and her head ached. On the following day she became deaf; and on the next so much so as not to hear the loudest talking. Sir Astley saw her three months after this had happened, and she continued in the same deplorable state of deafness.—A boy fifteen years of age was admitted an inmate of Dundee Lunatic Asylum, having become imbecile from fright. When twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a light business; and some trifling article being one day missing, he was, along with others, locked up in a dark cellar. The children were much alarmed; and all were let out, with the exception of this poor boy, who was detained until past midnight. He became from this time nervous and melancholy, and sank into a state of insensibility, from which he will

never recover. The missing article was found on the following morning, exculpating the boy from the guilt with which he had been charged.—*Glasgow Constitutional.*

The True Gentleman.—The Christian, let his own situation in this world be what it may, is the only gentleman in heart, whatever others may seem in outward grime and manners. "He is gentle, showing all kindness to all men." This is the golden polish, and, without this, the rest is nothing but daubing and false glitter.—*Steele.*

A sacred relic has been discovered in the Holy Chapel, near the Palace of Justice, in Paris. The workmen employed in making some alterations behind the high altar, dedicated to Saint Louis, found a box enveloped in lead, containing a heart, which has been inspected by the Grand Vicars sent by the Archbishop of Paris for that purpose; who affirm, on the authority of Morel the historian of France, that the heart of Louis IX. the chivalrous crusader, who died of the plague at Tunis, was deposited here towards the close of the thirteenth century.

Benefits of Cleanliness.—Workmen employed in the manufacture or use of white lead, or of any other poisonous substance, by taking care regularly to wash the face, hands, and any other part exposed to the floating atoms, with soap and water, are never affected with the painful colics which afflict those who neglect this simple but effectual precaution.

Those employed in preparations of copper, should put a small quantity of acetic acid, or common vinegar, into the water they wash with.

Remedy in case of Poison.—Instantly administer two tea-spoonsful of made mustard mixed in warm water. It acts as an emetic. If instantly administered, it may, under Providence, save a fellow-creature from an untimely death.

A person who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults. Have a care how you listen.

The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall from virtue, must be to hear of the lost esteem of those we love.

To love none but one's self, is concentrating one's affections on a very trifling object.

We always add something (of our own) to the vices we are censuring.

To seek for happiness independent of virtue, is looking for shade on the sands of the desert.

Nothing is more opposed to decorum, than to be over scrupulously attentive to it.

The greater expense one is at for happiness and pleasure, the less one enjoys them.

Even kindnesses require to be accompanied by obliging manners.

To chastise when one is angry, is no longer correction, it is revenge.

We all have in the heart seeds of virtues and of vices; the main point consists in keeping down the one, and unfolding the other.

Running is of no use, one must set off in time.

People lose sight of charity, by wishing to be over zealous about faith.

Entertain a respectful deference for old men, virtuous women, men of merit or of power.

Endeavour to find out what you really are; and when you have attained it, you will be less ready to speak, to act, and still less to applaud yourself.

To know how silly the most of our wishes are, it is sufficient to see them gratified.

The great failing in men is, that they never put themselves in the place of those whom they are judging.

He who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he that loseth his spirits, loseth all.

Gratiunde was fancifully said to be the memory of the heart; but, alas! for poor human nature, hearts are more than suspected to have wondrous short memories.

If we are arguing about any matter, we say, that those who oppose our opinion are obstinate and head-strong.

When a man says that another thinks properly, it will generally be found that the two think alike.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.—*Swift.*

"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed Virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that *was* the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur!"

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just like all the men, purfending to one thing, whin they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the colour to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convenient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's any thing but *that* to you, any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pushen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pushen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a sacret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Any thing for your happiness," replied her brother, somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen; you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. *I wont*. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting every thing off to the last? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our

garden now, all planted by yer own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, every thing good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister!" exclaimed the young man. "I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too.

She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to e'er another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush!—whisht! will ye? there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon, that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He "popped" his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night?—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you havn't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after, the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am compelled to say, *unlike* the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen," he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down yer throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man

I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after!"—

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellen—ing me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation* and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think any thing that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'ill be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's asy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because it is the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will plase ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear any thing you plase."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yerself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a raisoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old intirely, withered and

white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the strames and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scrame, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the *rare* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

"One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

"Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I bated the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life?" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. "Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiffs' knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the

* Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house.

other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who war too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, may be, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think may be I might have done better; but, God defend me, the *last* was hard to bear.' "Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor ould Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky!"

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike, "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child."

It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so, leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the Doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick. Blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But, Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him in his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband!" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him; did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry.'"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry. "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for Nelly, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honour and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till *after* Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that "*the least taste in life*" is a great taste too much!—that "*ONLY A DROP*" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.—*From "Stories of the Irish Peasantry," by Mrs. Hall, a work worthy of general perusal.*

Intemperance is to be measured not only by the quantity of wine, but by its effect on the constitution. Every healthy toper is a decoy-duck, and no more proves that health is safe in intemperance, than an unwounded soldier that life is secure in battle.

Biography.

BENJAMIN CARIER, D.D.

THIS favourite of king James I. and learned Protestant divine, who resigned his ecclesiastical honours and courtly preferments, and became a voluntary exile in a foreign land, that he might embrace the faith of his ancestors, and practise unmolested the duties which it inculcated, gives, himself, an account of his early years in the following words: "I was born in the year 1566, being the son of Anthony Carier, a learned and devout man, who though he was a Protestant and a preacher, yet he did so season me with the principles of piety and devotion, as I could not choose but ever since be very zealous in matters of religion. Of him I learned, that all false religions in the world were but politics invented of men, for the temporal service of princes and states; and, therefore, that they were divers, and always changeable, according to the divers reasons and occasions of state. But true Christian religion was a truth revealed of God, for the eternal salvation of souls, and, therefore, was like to God, always one and the same; so that all the princes and states in the world never have been or shall be able to overthrow that religion. This to me seemed an excellent ground for the finding out that religion wherein a man might find rest for his soul, which cannot be satisfied with any thing but eternal truth." After relating some scruples which he had upon the score of religion even in his childhood, he proceeds: "Thus I satisfied myself at school, and studied the arts and philosophy, and other human learning, until being master of arts, and fellow of Corpus Christi College, in Cambridge, I was at the last, by the statutes of that house, called to the study of divinity, and bound to take upon me the order of priesthood: then I thought it my duty, for the better satisfaction of my own soul, and the saving of other men's, to look as far into the matter as possible I could, that I might find out the truth; and having the opportunity of a very good library in the college, I resolved with myself to study hard, and setting aside all respect of men then alive, or of writers that had moved or maintained controversies (farther than to understand the question which was betwixt them), I fell to my prayers, and betook myself wholly to the reading of church history, and of the ancient fathers which had no interest in either side; and especially I made choice of St. Augustine, because I hoped to find most comfort in him for the confirming of our religion and the confuting of the church of Rome.

"In this sort I spent my time continually for many years, and noted down whatever I could gather, or rather snatch, either from the scriptures or the fathers, to serve my turn. But, when after all my pains and desire to serve myself, of antiquity I found the doctrine of the church of Rome to be every where confirmed, and by most profound demonstrations out of holy scriptures, made most agreeable to the truth of Christ's gospel, and most conformable to all christian souls, and saw the current opinions of our great preachers to be every where confuted, either in plain terms or by most unanswerable consequence; although my understanding was thereby greatly edified (for which I had great cause to render immortal thanks to our blessed Saviour, who by these means had vouchsafed to show himself unto me), yet my heart was much grieved, that I must be fain either not to preach at all, or else to cross and vary from the doctrine which I saw was commonly received." Although his perplexity with regard to the truth of the reformed religion rather increased than diminished, he endeavoured as far as he

was able to suppress the throes of conscience, and took the degree of doctor in divinity; after which he was made chaplain and preacher to king James I. to whom he was particularly pleasing, upon account of his great literary attainments, and for his thorough knowledge of the principles of the Protestant religion. He likewise became one of the first fellows of Chelsea College, founded by Dr. Matthew Sutcliff. Nevertheless he enjoyed no peace; the inward conflict in his mind made dreadful ravages upon his constitution, and the fond hope which he had entertained had vanished, that the king would bring about a sort of coalition between the church of Rome and that of England. "But," says he, "when, after my long hope, I at last did plainly perceive that God for our sins had suffered the devil, the author of dissension, so far to prevail, as partly by the furious practice of some desperate Catholics, and partly by the fiery suggestions of all violent puritans, he had quite diverted that peaceable and temperate course which was hoped for, and that I must now either alter my judgment, which was impossible, or preach against my conscience, which was intolerable: Lord, what anxiety and distraction of soul did I suffer day and night! what strife betwixt my judgment, which was wholly for the peace and unity of the church, and my affection, which was wholly to enjoy the favour of your majesty and the love of my friends and country! This grief of soul now growing desperate, did still more and more increase the infirmities of my body; and yet I was so loth to become a professed Catholic with the displeasure of your majesty, and of all my honourable and loving friends, as I rather desired to silence my judgment with the profits and pleasures of the world which was before me, than to satisfy it with reconciling myself unto the Catholic church; but it was God's will that ever (as I was about to forget the care of religion, and to settle myself to the world among my neighbours) I met with such humours as I saw by their violence against Catholics and Catholic religion, were like to waken my soul by torture than bring it asleep by temper. And, therefore, I was driven to recoil to God and to his Church, that I might save my soul.

"And yet because I had heard often that the practice of the church of Rome was contrary to her doctrine, I thought good to make one trial more before I resolved; and, therefore, having the advice of divers learned physicians to go to the *Spa* for the health of my body, I thought good to make a virtue of necessity, and to get leave to go, the rather for the satisfaction of my soul, hoping to find some greater offence in the service of the church of Rome, than I had done in her books, that so I might return better contented to persecute and abhor the Catholics at home, after I should find them so wicked and idolatrous abroad, as they were in every pulpit in England affirmed to be. For this purpose, before I would frequent their churches I talked with such learned men as I could meet withal, and did of purpose dispute against them, and with all the wit and learning I had I did both justify the doctrine of England, established by law, and object the superstition and idolatry which I thought they might commit, either with the images in the church, or with the sacrament of the Altar.—These were my thoughts at the *Spa*, which did so vex and afflict my soul, as that the waters could do my body no good at all, but rather much hurt. Nevertheless I avoided the company of Catholics, abstained from the church, and did both dispute and write against the church of Rome as occasion offered. I still hoped that time would give me better counsel, and, therefore, resolved to go from the *Spa* to Heidelburgh, to do my duty there." Before he commenced his journey, however, he wrote a letter, which he had conveyed to Mr. Isaac Causabon, to lay before the king, in which he exhorted his majesty to effect the coalition of the two churches; but

he received an answer from Mr. Causabon, that he dare not make any use of the letter, because the king's mind was quite averse to the proposal. Upon this information he quitted the Spa and reached no farther than Cologne, when he found his health still more impaired: "And, therefore, I resolved with myself that it was high time for me to settle my thoughts upon another world: and seeing that I was out of hope to enjoy the health of my body, at the last to look to the health of my soul, from whence both art and experience teach me, that all my bodily infirmities have their beginning."

The doctor now no longer deferred his conversion, but became reconciled to the Catholic church. A rumour of this circumstance soon reached the king, and he directed Mr. Isaac Causabon to write with a positive injunction for his immediate return. This letter produced an answer couched in evasive terms. Sir Thomas Lake was then ordered to send the like injunction. The Doctor, finding that the affair had become public, and that it would be unsafe for him to return to England, published "A Missive to his Majesty of Great Britain, containing the motives of his Conversion," &c. dated from Liege, December 2, 1613. It is from this little work that all the foregoing extracts have been taken. After enumerating several of the penal statutes in force, he continues, "I am sure all of them do make such felonies and treasons, as were the greatest virtues of the primitive church, and such as I must needs confess myself I cannot choose if I live in England, but endeavour to be guilty of; and then it were easy to find puritans enough to make a jury against me, and there would not want a justice of the peace to give sentence; and when they had done that which is worse than the persecution itself, they would all swear solemnly that Doctor Carier was not put to death for Catholic religion, but for felony and treason." The king was greatly irritated at this "Missive," and at the Doctor's change of religion; and had he been within his power, he doubtless would have been put upon his trial before such a jury and court as has just been described. Many eminent persons wrote congratulatory letters to Doctor Carier upon his conversion, from Rome, Paris, &c. among others, Cardinal du Perron not only wrote to him, but he also invited him to France; he accepted the invitation, but lived not long to enjoy the peace of mind which he had at length obtained, for he died at Paris, in June, 1614. The Doctor published while he was a Protestant some sermons, and a year after his death was printed, "A Letter of the miserable Ends of such as impugn the Catholic Faith," which was also attributed to this gentleman.

"It is the motive that more than any thing else renders an action good or bad. However fair the looks of an action may be, if the right motive be wanting the action is hollow; if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten at the core. Who cares for an outward seeming or show of friendship or affection, unless the heart be also friendly and affectionate? Who does not prize a rough outside, when it covers an honest inside, more than the most fawning fondness from a heart that is cold and false? Thus it is right to insist on the principles for their own sake, because the principles give their value to the action, not the action to the principles. The principles are the gold on which the stamp is to be put: if the gold be not good, the stamp, though it may often deceive people, gives it not real worth; and he who graves the king's image on base metal, is punished for forgery."—*Rev. Augustus Hare.*

Religion is full of mystery; life is full of mystery; we are a mystery to ourselves. We dare not say, "where mystery begins, religion ends;" but this we will say, that where mystery begins, dogmatism should end; dogmatism both for and against. Man's pride objects to mysteries. The mysteries of religion were given, not for harsh dogmatism and stormy debate, but for the stillness of meditation, for the sanctification of the soul; not for the scepticism of the understanding, but for the faith of the heart, to purify, to overcome, and to subdue. Let us muse over them, and "while we muse the fire will burn."

HYMN TO JESUS.

Oh, Jesus, Jesus—in what word
What potent word, shall I declare
The depth of thrilling rapture stirred,
In my full heart when thou art there!
Ah! must I ever voiceless be,
When soul and sense are wrapped in thee!
Do let me find some words that will
But breathe the love I feel so deep;—
For now—where'er I try my skill
In human sounds—I only weep,—
Or if, perchance, my lips will move,
I only sob, "I love—I love."
Heart of my Jesus! thou know'st well
The love thou dost to me reveal
I cannot speak, I cannot tell;—
All that I know, is that I feel,
And feel such ecstasy of joy,
That language works me most annoy!
But shall I be so slow of tongue,
And shall I so unlettered prove,
When every nerve to bless is strung,
In one delirious gasp of love!—
And shall I never mould to praise
The raptures that thy mercies raise!
Yes! by the mighty joys of heaven,
By thine own heart that wept our fall,
By thine own blood and body given
To man, and me, the worst of all!
I will, I will thy praise repeat
Whilst life shall leave a pulse to beat!
Aye! Father, Brother, Guide and Friend—
My memory's dreams, my bosom's flame—
Would that these titles I could blend,
And melt them into one dear name,—
That name of praise should upmost be
In my heart's heart eternally.

"WHEN OUR OLD CATHOLIC FATHERS LIVED."

Now join the hearty chorus, while I sing my homely rhyme,
And you shall hear how things went on in the good old Catholic time,
When England was a happy land, and her sons were brave and free,
And Innocence kept company with Mirth and Jollity.
For thus they pass'd a merry time, as every one may know,
When our old Catholic Fathers lived a long time ago.

For what concerned a man's belief, there needed no great search,
He knew but one high road to Heaven and that was through the Church;—
A church that priz'd the poor man, and held him just as dear
As those of high and noble blood, with all their costly gear.
And thus they pass'd a happy time, as every one may know,
When our old Catholic Fathers lived, a long time ago.

Then every man profess'd himself the Church's faithful son;
And fearlessly she taught them their duties every one,—
A tender heart for the poor man with a free and open hand,—
A noble and a frank respect for the gentry of the land.
And thus they pass'd a pleasant time, as every one may know,
When our old Catholic Fathers lived, a long time ago.

They knelt beneath the self-same roof, and said the self-same prayer;
And all alike, both rich and poor, could meet as brothers there:
For every place was free to all of high and low degree,
And they felt at home like children around their mother's knee,
And thus they pass'd a loving time, as every one may know,
When our old Catholic Fathers lived, a long time ago.

And when they heard the "Angels" ring over hill and dale,
The Blacksmith stopp'd his hammer, and the Thresher stopp'd his flail,
They doff'd their caps and cross'd themselves with meek and pious care,
And never call'd the minute lost they spent in hearty prayer.
And thus they pass'd the godly time, as every one may know,
When our old Catholic Fathers lived, a long time ago.

They loved their Church—they loved their King—they loved their Free-dom too:
Their hands were quick for action, and their hearts were good and true,
They dearly loved their merry land,—its customs and its laws,—
Right glad to fight for England's Right—and bleed for England's Cause.
And thus they pass'd the glorious time, as every one may know,
When our old Catholic Fathers lived, a long time ago.

Full well the homeless wanderer knew he'd not have long to wait,
If he could once contrive to reach the nearest Convent-gate.
The traveller there was welcomed with kind and christian glee,
And cheerful Monks perform'd the rites of Hospitality.
And thus they pass'd a gen'rous time, as every one may know,
When our old Catholic Fathers lived, a long time ago.

And happy both for high and low, will be the moment when
We see in Merry England those times come back again.
And if we strive to live the lives our Fathers lived of yore,
We may hope to see Old England what England was before.
Oh! then we'll pass a merry time, as every one shall know,
As our old Catholic Fathers did a long time ago.

THE LONDON NUN.

But yet, in this very book there is one simple story, which Franklin tells with ill-concealed contempt, but which deserves respect from all who can appreciate unobtrusive devotion and conscientious sacrifices made for the sake of securing eternal good things.

"In a garret of the house," he writes, "there lived, in a most retired manner, a lady, seventy years of age, of whom I received the following account from my landlady:—She was a Roman Catholic. In her early years she had been sent to the continent, and entered a convent with the design of becoming a nun; but the climate not agreeing with her constitution, she was obliged to return to England, where, as there were no monasteries, she made a vow to lead a monastic life, in as rigid a manner as circumstances would permit. She accordingly disposed of all her property, to be applied to charitable uses, reserving to herself only twelve pounds a year; and of this small pittance she gave a part to the poor, living on water gruel, and never making use of fire but to boil it. She had lived in this garret a great many years, without paying rent to the successive Catholic inhabitants that had kept the house, who, indeed, considered her abode with them as a blessing. A priest came every day to confess her. 'I have asked her,' said my landlady, 'how she could find such employment for a confessor.' To which, she answered, 'that it was impossible to avoid vain thoughts.'

"I was once permitted to visit her. She was cheerful and polite, and her conversation agreeable. Her apartment was neat; but the whole furniture consisted of a mattress, a table, on which were a crucifix and a book, and a chair, which she gave me to sit on, and over the mantel-piece a picture of St. Veronica displaying her handkerchief, on which was seen the miraculous impression of the face of Christ, which she explained to me with great gravity. Her countenance was pale, but she had never experienced sickness," &c. &c.*

My uncle often quoted this passage, not merely as characteristic of one of the ways of living adopted by Catholics in hard times, and as an example of the piety which then flourished, he maintained, most luxuriantly often in the busy thoroughfares of London, but chiefly because he had been taught to consider the person referred to in it, as a relative, and could, therefore, supply some interesting particulars respecting her, omitted in the slight sketch of her life. When very young, she had belonged to the Court of James the Second, waiting on the queen; and although the history of the monarch has been much misrepresented, still she confessed that his personal immorality at certain periods,† even when displaying the most uncompromising affection for the articles of his faith, ought to have taken away all surprise at his subsequent disasters, and should have convinced any one possessed of reflection and piety, that it was unlikely he would be the chosen religious regenerator of his country. The atmosphere of a palace is not, in general, favourable to devotion, and although, happily, she was never tainted by that grosser profligacy from which some Catholic ladies of rank did not then entirely escape, she adhered, at that time, to the forms, and very little to the spirit of her creed. Before and after attendance on her royal mistress, she spent the day in all the frivolities, at least, if she was saved from the vices of the contemptible and immoral Courts of the two last Stewarts who reigned; her mornings were wasted in reading the romances of Soudery and D'Urfé,—those chancel houses of the imagination,—or discussing "silks, satins, damasks, taffaties, and tissues," and such gear as occupy the meditations of many women, while balls, and masks, and theatres made every evening appear too short. In this state of perpetual excitement, and when she believed herself too busy to find time to practise the pious lessons which she had received in her childhood, the revolution burst upon the country, and flying from London, she was so ill-treated by the mob at Rochester, that for a year she was confined to her bed. She did not attempt to follow the Court to St. Germaine's, on her recovery, for already the number of fugitives had impoverished the exchequer of the banished family, but she withdrew to the English convent at Bruges, and her recent sufferings enabled her to find in religion that higher happiness which she had never possessed in the world. The place, however, did not agree with her health, and when just about to finish her novitiate she was obliged once more to return to England; and here, hiring a room near one of the foreign ambassador's chapels, in London, and undisturbed by

the tumults of the streets, she passed nearly half-a-century of her life.

The record of a life spent in such seclusion as she now observed, can scarcely consist of any other events than those occurring regularly every day; and when we have stated that, after giving six hours to sleep, she arose at four o'clock, crossed the street at six, to a minute, and remained in the chapel, rapt in devotion, two hours in the morning, and the same in the evening, spending the remaining portion of the four-and-twenty hours in labour for the altar, the poor, or in other religious exercises, we have related nearly all that the small world acquainted with the fact of her existence ever observed in her regard for the many years we have mentioned. She did not retire into solitude, as does the misanthrope, to wander in bitterness of thought through the leafless desert of the heart; nor did she covet it as the best way of possessing the delights of the visionary and novel-reader, who dream away life in a kind of animal listlessness, and suffer the energies of nature to evaporate through enfeebling and sensual imaginations. Her mind was of sounder organization, and was always active in uninterrupted loneliness, and incessantly industrious, though the ordinary motives for exertion seemed not to exist. Not that her mind experienced always the same unvarying sentiments, in the same manner as the body was brought to submit to allotted tasks. In youth she had been gay and giddy, surrounded by many airy hopes of future pleasure; the misfortune of her early associations (apparently the surest pledges of worldly honours and delights) brought those hopes to a premature close; and her heart, raised above any selfish sensualism, and yet too young to escape the influence of the gentler affections of early womanhood, found itself filled with fountains of purer and more mortified love, worthy of being offered in sacrifice to God, or poured out in wishes and prayers for the eternal happiness of mankind. Seasons rolled away, and the vivacity and warmth, but not the strength, of her affections, declined, and a majestic statue-like stillness of demeanour, accompanied her, which attracted the veneration of the congregation to which she belonged, and by which she was remembered for years. Thus she continued until her eightieth winter had passed, and then, with faculties unimpaired, and yielding to the destiny of age rather than any sudden assault of disease, she met death, not with fear, but as a long-expected and not unwelcome visitant. Such was the history of one called, by those who knew her in those times, *the London Nun*.

Millerism.—A new Millerite paper has made its appearance. It is called *The Vial of Wrath, and the Sink Battle of Destruction*, and contains the following "important calculation."—"The beast had 7 heads, and 10 horns on each head, which makes 70 horns, answering to the 70 weeks of Daniel. Now, the tail of this beast was 666 feet long, which is the number of the beast. Multiply this by 7, and it makes 4,662, which was the age of the world when the first anti-Christian Pope began to reign. Now, tie up the beast's tail into 3 knots, and it will shorten it into 614 feet 8 inches, which being multiplied by 3 (the number of knots), gives 1844, exactly the year in which the world will be burnt up. But there is another remarkable coincidence, Martin Luther wore boots with nails in the soles, just 263 nails in both boots, which being multiplied by the 7 heads gives 1841; throw in the 2 boots, which correspond to Miller and Humes, also his walking-stick, and it gives 1844.

A New Sect.—A writer in the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, reports the existence of a new sub-division of Anabaptists in North Carolina, calling themselves "Splungers." One of their preachers he reports, as setting forth in one of his ministerial demonstrations, that Buck's Biblical Dictionary ought to be burned up, and all the rest of the books like it. In fact, he said that a Walker's Dictionary and the Bible were enough for any body; perhaps Campbell's works on immersion were excepted. He says, the Methodists and Presbyterians may take their knives and cut off the Old Testament, and do what they please with it; so they leave him the New Testament, he shall be satisfied.

Some gentlemen of a Bible association lately calling on an old woman to see if she had a Bible, were severally reproved with a spiritual reply—"Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you should ask me such a question?" Then addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the Bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them *ocular demonstration* that she was no heathen. Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered; and on seeing it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am that you have come; here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these three years, and didn't know where to find 'em!"

* Franklin's Miscellaneous Writings, p. 16. Edinburgh, 1838.

† See any of the French letter-writers who have described England at this time.

